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No. XXIX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PRODUCED AT THE PARK THEATRE BY MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

NEW YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,

AND JARVIS BUILDINGS NORTH ST., BALTIMORE.

BOSTON:—REDDING AND COMPANY, 8 STATE STREET.

PHILADELPHIA:—G. B. ZEIBER AND CO., 3 LEDGER BUILDING.

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1846.

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* Those marked with asterisks are English only.

WM. TAYLOR & Co.,
151 *Nassau St., Corner of Spruce.*

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

VARIOUS opinions have been hazarded by Shaksperian commentators, upon the authenticity of this play. It is rejected as entirely spurious by Hanmer, Theobald, and Upton. Mr. Malone considers it as Shakspeare's first dramatic production; and Dr. Johnson, with much pertinency, inquires, "If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given?" We think Malone's conjecture is nearest the truth. We can easily believe that it was Shakspeare's first comedy—written before he had much opportunity of practically acquainting himself with the dramatic art—before that more consummate union of the poet with the play-wright, which we see in his maturer pieces.

Some sagacious critic asserts, that the internal evidence is against this supposition—that it has neither the beauties nor the faults, the exuberance nor the inequalities, that generally distinguish the inexperienced efforts of a rich and original genius.—Our own judgment leads us to a very different conclusion. We find the hand and spirit of Shakspeare in every line—in the comic as well as the grave portions of the play; but it is Shakspeare in the bud—Shakspeare as a novice, rather than a master in dramatic writing. Where, we would ask, could *Launce* and his dog have strayed from, but from the brain that afterwards gave birth to a *Falstaff* and a *Dogberry?* The character of *Julia* is a foreshadowing of *Viola;* and *Proteus*, *Valentine*, and *Thurio*, are neither devoid of individuality, nor are they creations unworthy of the genius that afterwards gave to the world *Romeo*, *Antonio*, and *Malvolio*.

Blackstone, the celebrated jurist, says of this play, with his characteristic acuteness, that its great fault "is the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation to the *dénouement*, which shows that it was one of Shakspeare's very early performances." Johnson was inclined to believe that it had escaped corruption,

"only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription." This is not improbable. There was no edition of the play till after the author's death, in 1623, although it must have been represented long before that period, as it is mentioned by Meares in his list of the dramatic productions by which Shakspeare had, before the year 1598, established the general reputation of being "the most excellent among the English in both tragedy and comedy."

Attempts have been made to trace the origin of the plot of this piece to the "Diana" of George of Montemayor, a pastoral romance, which, according to Mrs. Lenox, was translated in Shakspeare's time. His obligations to this source appear, however, to be slight, although it is more than probable that he was not unacquainted with it. We occasionally find traces of pastoral language in the play, as in the song to Sylvia and elsewhere. *Sir Eglamour* is somewhat in the vein of the knights of the old romances. *Sylvia's* address, when she asks him to accompany her to Mantua, and his reply, have been justly commended for the gracefulness of the language and the sentiment. The incident of *Valentine's* joining the robbers is said to have been borrowed from the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney; but both this adventure and the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* had no doubt been, time out of mind, portions of the common stock in trade of romance writers.

The versification of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is singularly fluent and melodious; but it affords us another evidence that this comedy was one of the "first heirs of the author's invention." It is deficient in those breaks and transitions, which in rendering the verse of his subsequent productions more rugged, made it more adapted to the stage, and less in contrast with the colloquial language of every-day life.

We fancy we can see the revelry of youthful humor (but that humor, a Shakspeare's!) in the soliloquies of *Launce*, and his appeals to *Crab*, his dog, who, by the way, is not the least important character in the play. "Is it probable," asks Thomas Campbell, "that even such a fool as *Launce* should have put his feet into the stocks for the puddings which his dog had stolen or poked his head through the pillory for the murder of

geese which the same dog had killed?—yet the ungrateful cur never denies one item of the facts, with which *Launce* so tenderly reproaches him. Nay, what is more wonderful, this enormous outrage on the probable excites our common risibility. The imagination is a liberal creditor of its faith as to incidents, when the poet can either touch our affections, or tickle our ridicule. The poet or the fictionist—and every great fictionist is a true poet—gives us an image of life at large, and not of the narrow and stinted probabilities of every-day life. But real life teems with events which, unless we knew them to have actually happened, would seem to us to be next to impossibilities. So that if you chain down the poet from representing every thing that may seem in dry reasoning to be improbable, you will make his fiction cease to be a probable fiction of Nature."

We cannot part with *Launce* and his dog without noticing a little omission or inconsistency, which appears to have escaped the scrutiny of commentators. After making unheard-of sacrifices for his ungrateful cur through the strength of his attachment, the clown seems to have gone to "deliver him as a present to mistress *Silvia*" without any show of compunction or grief whatever. We cannot but think that *Launce* would have shed a few tears on the occasion. Unhandsomely as *Crab* had behaved, it could not have been without a struggle, that his master would have summoned up resolution enough to abandon him to another. We look in vain for some manifestation of these remorseful feelings on the part of Launce.

An edition of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was altered and prepared for the stage by John Philip Kemble in 1808, in which some profane hand has made *Launce* to re-appear in the fourth and fifth acts, and talk nonsense, of which we are quite certain even *Crab* would have been ashamed. But the present stage edition is of more recent date, and contains no such impertinent interpolations. It is now for the first time published; and we take pleasure in expressing our acknowledgments to Mr. Charles Kean for the loan of the carefully-revised prompt-book from which our copy was prepared. The stage directions in this edition will be found unusually full and appropriate, and add much to its theatrical value; while it must be interest-

ing to the general reader to see what curtailments and alterations are expedient to render a comedy of Shakspeare's acceptable to a modern audience.*

We learn from Cumberland, that "Liston's *Thurio* was better than his *Launce*, though neither of them was a just representation. Munden's *Launce* was acting *indeed;* he put in requisition his whole gallery of faces, varying them according to the jest. He added, also, a critical knowledge of the part—he knew *Launce* to be a buffoon; but remembering that it was Shakspeare who made him one, he bestowed his first attention on the *words*, and the *vis comica* he introduced only as an illustration of them. Blanchard's *Speed* was excellent, and worthy to stand by the side of Munden's *Launce*. Kemble and Pope, in *Valentine* and *Proteus*, completed the admirable cast of this delightful comedy."

The present version will be produced for the first time in this country, at the Park Theatre, Oct. 5, 1846, with a cast which will fairly test its attractiveness as an *acting* comedy. What we may expect from the *Julia* of Mrs. Kean, may be imagined by those who have witnessed her *Rosalind* and *Viola;* and we have no fear but Mr. Kean will bring out in full relief all the capabilities of the character of the gentle, but brave and generous *Valentine*. In the *Launce* of Mr. Bass we may look for a personation, which will remind experienced play-goers of that celebrated school, of which he is one of the last and worthiest representatives—a school which numbered Munden, Dowton, and Blanchard among its ornaments. The *Speed* of Mr. Fisher cannot fail to be also highly successful; for, in his peculiar line, embracing testy old gentlemen, consummate simpletons, and many kindred characters, we consider him without a rival.

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* At the Park theatre, the following lines from Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis" are introduced as a glee on the first entrance of the Robbers:

To see his face the lion walks along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him.

The following is sung as the *finale* of the closing act:

Good Duke, receive thy daughter!
Hymen from Heaven brought her;
Such union is Juno's crown—
To Hymen honour and renown!

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1808.	*Park*, 1846.
Duke of Milan	Mr. Murray.	Mr. Bellamy.
Valentine	" J. P. Kemble.	" Charles Kean.
Proteus	" Pope.	" Dyott.
Antonio	" Creswell.	" Anderson.
Thurio	" Liston.	" A. Andrews.
Eglamour	" Claremont.	" Sutherland
Speed	" Blanchard.	" Fisher
Launce	" Munden.	" Bass.
Panthino	" Chapman.	" M' Douall.
Host	" Davenport.	" Povey.
First Outlaw	" King.	" Pearson.
Second do	" Treby.	" Sprague.
Third do	" Taylor.	" Gallot.
Julia	Miss Norton.	Mrs. Chas. Kean
Silvia	Miss Smith.	Mrs. Abbott.
Lucetta	Miss Waddy.	Mrs. Dyott

Officer, Chorus, Musicians, Attendants, &c.

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—White kerseymere body and trunk, silver lace, large crimson velvet robe, trimmed with silver and fur.

VALENTINE.—Green velvet shirt with hanging sleeves, lined with white satin and richly embroidered with gold, white satin and gold tight under-sleeves and pouch, white muslin drawing shirt, white silk pantaloons, black velvet shoes with strap on the instep, black velvet hat and white feathers.—*Second dress:* Plain green cloth shirt, lightly trimmed with black, green pantaloons, and russet shoes.

PROTEUS.—Scarlet kerseymere tunic, black velvet cloak with spangled trimming, silk pantaloons, green silk domino.

ANTONIO.—Purple velvet shape with blue puffs and spangled trimmings, arm-hole cloak, and blue stockings.

THURIO.—White kerseymere body and trunks, scarlet satin cloak, spangled richly all over.

EGLAMOUR.—Yellow spangled shirt and black velvet spangled cloak.—*Second dress:* A pilgrim's gown.

SPEED.—Green and black flowered woollen shape, green stockings and puffs.

LAUNCE.—Red and yellow flowered woollen shape with green puffs, green cloak broad leather belt, and green stockings.

PANTHINO.—Gray shape and pantaloons, crimson silk sash, and domino.

HOST.—Peasant's shape-dress.

OUTLAWS.—Short doublets and trunks, hats and feathers, swords, cloaks, &c.

JULIA.—Pale pink silk dress with silver gauze over it, coloured jewels round the waist and head.—*Second dress:* Dove-coloured shirt with hanging sleeves, blue under-sleeves, white pantaloons.

SILVIA.—Blue velvet boddice, with short sleeves trimmed with gold bullion and looped up with a jewel, a nett crossed with gold covering neck and arms, white muslin demi-train petticoat, richly flowered with gold over white satin, a gold nett covering the head, small blue velvet hat placed on side of the head with three small white feathers, the hair braided in front and hanging in curls down the back.

LUCETTA.—Blue silk petticoat, yellow jacket trimmed with crimson and silver.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; **L.** *Left*; **R. D.** *Right Door*; **L. D.** *Left Door*; **S. E.** *Second Entrance*; **U. E.** *Upper Entrance*; **M. D.** *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; **L.**, *Left*; **C.**, *Centre*; **R. C.**, *Right of Centre*; **L. C.**, *Left of Centre*.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS, L. S. E.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not, affection chains thy captive heart
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy hours with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. (L.) Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare, note-worthy object in thy travel;
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
Of love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly overthrown.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokéd by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee?
That art a votary to fond desire!
Once more, adieu! My father, at the road,
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no: now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! And so, farewell!

[*Exit Valentine.* R.

Pro. He after honour hunts—I after love!
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me·
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught,
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Enter Speed, L.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipped already; And I have played the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. (L.) But dost thou hear? Gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. (R.) Ay, sir. I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. [*Takes a small square velvet purse from his girdle, and gives Speed money.*] What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her—no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No; not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you; you have testerned* me: in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

[*Speed crosses to* R.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck; Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore. [*Exit Speed,* R

* Given me a sixpence.

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
I must go send some better messenger. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Julia's House in Verona.—An Arbour in arch*, R., *with Seats in it.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA, L.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercutio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.
Jul. (R.) What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. (L.) Then thus—of many good, I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves you.
Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.
Luc. Oh! they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam. [*Presenting a paper very quickly.*]
Jul. [*Reads.*] *To Julia*—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus; [*Julia takes the letter.*
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
[*Gives the letter to Lucetta.*
There, take the paper, see it be returned;
Or else return no more into my sight. [*Goes up,* R.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. (*up* R.) Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit,* L.
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
[*Goes to* 1*st* E. L.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her. [*Returns to* C.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *no*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *ay*.
Fie! fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past. [*Goes to* L.
What ho! Lucetta! Lucetta! [*Returns to* C.

Enter LUCETTA, L., *with the letter, which she turns over while speaking.*

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
[*Purposely drops the letter, and hastily picks it up.*
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is it you took up
So gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take up a paper that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Let's see your song:—How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam: it is too sharp.
Jul. (c.) You, minion, are too saucy.
This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter—goes* R.
Go, get you gone:
[*Lucetta stoops to pick up the pieces of the letter.*
And let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter. [*Exit,* L.
Jul. [*Watching till Luc. is out of hearing.*] Nay, would I were so angered with the same!
Oh, hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
[*Kneels on one knee,* c., *picks up pieces of the letter, and kisses them.*
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And here is writ—*kind Julia:*—unkind Julia!
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus:*—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed.
But twice, or thrice was Proteus written down?
[*In alarm, placing her hands on the fragments, and looking up,* R.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter.
Lo here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not:—sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names,
Thus will I fold them one upon another,
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.
[*Places them on her bosom with both her hands, and, on seeing Lucetta, rises hastily.*

Enter Lucetta, L.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go. [*Crosses to* L.
Luc. (c.) What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
[*Lucetta picks up the papers.*
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. [*Pausing in picking up the papers.*] Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too: although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go? [*Exeunt*, L.

Scene III.—*A Room in Antonio's House, in Verona.*

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino, L.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew, Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wondered that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world;
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And, with the speediest expedition,
Will hence despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:—
And in good time.—Now will we break with him.

[*Goes up*, R., *with Pan., looks*, L., *and sees Proteus.*

Enter PROTEUS, *reading a letter, followed by* LAUNCE, L.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn
Oh, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh, heavenly Julia! [*Hastily folds the letter as Antonio and Panthino advance*, L.

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. [*Recedes*, L., *and puts letter in his belt.*] There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:—[*Pro. is about to speak.*
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory. [*Crosses*, R.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee;
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt Antonio and Panthino*, R.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning;
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned:
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Enter PANTHINO, R.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
[*Crosses behind, and exit Panthino*, L.

Pro. Why, this it is!—my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of Julia's House in Verona.*—PROTEUS *and* JULIA *discovered standing in the Arbour—She is weeping—her head on his shoulder—they come forward.*

Pro. (R.) Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. (L.) If you turn not, you will return the sooner:—
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake
[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this:— [*Gives Julia a ring.*

Here is my hand for my true constancy ;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !
My father stays my coming : answer not ;
The tide is now :—nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell !

[*Julia makes an effort to speak, through her tears, then hurries out*, R.

What ! gone without a word ?
Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO, L.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Well, I come : Go : I come, I come. [*Crosses to* L.
Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt*, L.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog*, R. S. E.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault ; I have received [*Showing a small, dirty, leathern money-bag,*] my proportion, like the prodigal son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear ; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : [*Fastens dog to a staple in stage*, R.] a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it : [*Takes off his shoes and kneels*, L.C.] This shoe is my father ;—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so : it hath the worser sole ; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father : A vengeance on't ! there 'tis ; now, sir, this staff is my sister ; [*Sticks staff up*, R. C.] for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand ; this

hat is Nan, our maid; [*Lays hat on the Stage;*] I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; [*Kisses shoe, and lays it down;*] well, he weeps on;—now come I to my mother, (Oh, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman; well, I kiss her; [*Kisses other shoe;*] why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; [*Embraces wand;*] mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO, L.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass, you will lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. [*Rises.*] It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever man ty'd.

[*Puts on shoes, hat, &c.*

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale. [*Unties the dog.*] Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide! —Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. [*Crosses slowly,* L.

Pan. Come, come, away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Duke's Palace at Milan. An Arch,* R. F *A high staircase with practicable door at landing set on Stage from* L. S. E., *which works off at change of scene.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED *through arch,* R. F. *Valentine crosses,* L., *when Speed sees the glove in front,* R. C., *picks it up, and speaks.*

Speed. (R.) Sir, sir, your glove.

Val. (L.) Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see. [*Crosses to him.*] Ay, give it me; it's mine:—

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!— [*Kisses it.*
Ah, Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia! [*At stairs,* L

Val. (R.) How now, sirrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir,

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. [*Crosses,* L.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow. [*Goes down,* R.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms like a male-content; to relish a love song, like a Robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me? [*Crosses*, R.

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my Lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? Even she I mean. Oh! I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful. [*Crosses*, L.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. Oh, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your present folly: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. (*Crosses*, R.) Belike, boy, then, you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

The door on staircase opens, and SILVIA *descends.*

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have. Peace—here she comes.

[*Speed goes up*, R.

Speed. [*Aside*, L.] Oh, excellent! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. (R.) Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. [*Aside.*] Oh, give you good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter,

[*Presents a letter.*

Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours,
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. [*Takes the letter and opens it.*] I thank you, gentle servant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. (R.) Now, trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. (C.) Perchance, you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,——

Sil. [*Reads.*] A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again—[*Presenting him the letter*]; and yet I thank you;—
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are quaintly writ;
But, since unwillingly, take them again,—
Nay, take them. [*Forces letter on him.*

Val. Madam, they are for you. [*Takes letter.*

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:—
I would have had them writ more movingly. [*Crosses,* R.

Val. (C.) Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. (R.) And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so;—if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit,* R.

Speed. [*Advances,* L.] Oh, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
Oh, excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. (R. C.) How now, sir? What, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming,—'tis you that have the reason. Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well;

'For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover'
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.

[*Valentine crosses,* R.

Why muse you, sir? 'tis near dinner-time.

Val. I have dined. [*Crosses,* L., *then up* R., *and exit* R.

Speed. Ay; but hearken, sir! Though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved; be moved!

[*Exit, following Valentine.*

SCENE II.—*Milan.—Garden of the Duke's Palace.*

Enter SILVIA, THURIO, VALENTINE, *and* SPEED, R. U. E.

Sil. (C.) Servant——

Val. Mistress?

Speed. (R.) Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

[*Aside to Valentine*

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. (R. C.) Of my mistress, then.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. (L. C.) Seem you that you are not? [*Affectedly.*

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir; and done, too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

il. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

[*Exit Speed,* R. U. E.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Enter DUKE, EGLAMOUR, *and a* KNIGHT, L.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health;

[*Crosses to Valentine.*

What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him as myself; for, from our infancy,
We have conversed, and spent our hours together;
And, though myself have been an idle truant,
Yet hath Sir Proteus (for that's his name,)
Made use and fair advantage of his days,—
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
[*Crosses to* L.
Silvia, I speak to you—and you, Sir Thurio:—
[*Thu., anxious to attract Duke's notice, bows affectedly*
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently.
[*Exeunt Duke, Eglamour, and Knight,* L.
Val. (C.) This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.
Sil. (L. C.) Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes
Thu. (R. C.) They say that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely subject love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS, L.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. [*Kneels and kisses her hand.*] My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself. [*Rises.*
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Eglamour, L. U. E.

Egl. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Eglamour,* L.
Come, Sir Thurio, [*Goes up with Thurio, who gives his arm to her on her* L. *Val. and Pro. cross,* R.
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
[*Valentine goes up to her.*
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Kisses her hand. Exeunt Silvia and Thurio,* L. U. E.
Val. [*Looks after Silvia, then comes down to Proteus, and takes both his hands.*] Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. (R.) Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. (L.) How do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralléd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
Now, no discourse except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth?

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Nay, except not any.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-smelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

[*Goes*, L., *and returns*, C.

Pro. Why, Valentine?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing:
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after, [*Goes hastily*, L.
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed: [*Returns to Proteus.*
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth;
[*Goes up*, L.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [*Exit Valentine rapidly*, L. U. E.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia, that I love;
That I did love—for now my love is thawed;
And, like a waxen image 'gainst the fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
Oh! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus, without advice, begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit*, L.

Enter Speed, R. *and* Launce, L. *Speed appears as if looking for his master; Launce has the dog with him, his staff, and several packages.*

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.
[*They shake hands and come forward.*
Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia? Shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian.

[*Going up*, L.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian; wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt*, L. U. E.

Enter PROTEUS, L.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty thou hast so oft preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
I to myself am dearer than a friend:
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder,
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit*, L. U. E.

SCENE III.—*Verona. Julia's Garden, as before.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA, R.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings, to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. Oh, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with the enameled stones
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blesséd soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream of infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeased, when you are gone;
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan. Garden of the Duke's Palace, as before.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS, R.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;

We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thurio*, L.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. (R.) My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio;
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to a timeless grave.

Duke. (C.) Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hath now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter VALENTINE, R., *with a ladder of ropes under his cloak. The Duke stops him*, R. C.

Duke. (R.) Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

[*About to cross, Duke stays him.*

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter: stay with me awhile;

[*Brings forward* R. *chair and sits.*

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.—[*Sits.*
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward:
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.

Val. (L. C.) What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence;
Now, therefore, would I have thee for my tutor—
(For long agone I have forgot to court,
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But she, I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept so closely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
[*Rises and puts back chair*
Val. When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that
Duke. This very night.
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.
Duke. As long as thine will serve the turn.
[*Taking hold of Valentine's cloak.*
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak.
[*Tries to take off cloak—Valentine goes round to* R., *and returns,* L., *by which time the Duke has taken the let-*

ter from the cloak pocket, and thrown the cloak over chair, R.

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. [*Takes cloak.*
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia.*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

[*Takes cord ladder from under Valentine's* L. *arm, and throws it down,* R.

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying;
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them:
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?
Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merops' son),
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?—
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence: [*Crosses,* L.
But, if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. [*Val. about to speak.*
Begone,—I will not hear thy vain excuse,—
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit,* L.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banished from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banished from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence,
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

[*Launce and Protcus without*, R.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! So-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Enter LAUNCE *and* PROTEUS, R.

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear! [*Pushing Launce aside.*] Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopped and cannot hear more news,

[*Crosses*, R.

So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then, in dumb silence, will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. What is your news?

Laun. (L.) Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banished.

Pro. That thou art banishéd,—Oh, that's the news!
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. Doth Silvia know that I am banishéd?

Pro. (C.) Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. (C.) No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st:
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
[*Crosses*, L., *and takes Valentine's hand.*
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. [*Crosses*, L., *with Proteus as he speaks.*] I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my man,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus*, L.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave:—but that's all one if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian.—Here is the cat-log [*Taking out a paper,*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.*—Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item,—*She can milk:* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED, R.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? What news?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. (R.) Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. (L.) Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest: I can.

Laun. I will try thee: tell me this:—Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. Oh, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. [*Gives him the paper.*] There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew:*—

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit:*—

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follows her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. Oh, villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that, too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that, neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *she hath more hair than wit, more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. *And more faults than hairs,—*

Laun. That's monstrous: oh, that that were out.

Speed. *And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her: and, if it be a match [*Takes paper*], as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then, I will tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And I must go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Plague of your love-letters! [*Exit*, L.

Laun. Ha! ha! ha! Now will he be swinged for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Mantua.*

OUTLAWS *enter cautiously* R., *and when* C., 1*st Outlaw enters to them, and speaks.*

1*st Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2*d Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with them

[*Outlaws retire quickly, and as Val. enters with Speed, they re-enter and surround them.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED, L.

3 *Out.* (L.) Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you,
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends—

1*st Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies

2*d Out.* Peace: we'll hear him.

3*d Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we:
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2d Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1st Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3d Out. How long have you sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crookéd fortune had not thwarted me.

1st Out. What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2d Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1st Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
[*Signs to the others,* R., *who cross behind Val. to him.*
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

3d Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1st Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
[*All go forward,* R. *and* L.

Speed. [*Crossing behind to Val.,* R.] Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery

Val. Peace, villain!

2d Out. (R). Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

1st Out. (L.) Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men;
But to the purpose: seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and, by your own report,
A man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

2d Out. Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3d Out. (R.) What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1st Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2d Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
[*A gesture of satisfaction among the Outlaws.*
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3d Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

All. [*Crowding around Val. and waving their caps.*] Ay, ay, ay!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Milan.—Part of Palace and Street by moonlight—a stone seat,* R.

Enter Proteus, L. U. E

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too true, too fair, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved.
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Six Musicians, carrying lutes,* L.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. (R.) Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. (L.) Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do: or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA *in boy's clothes,* L.U.E.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholy: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry:—I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Musicians tune their lutes.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace—let's hear 'em.

[*During the song Julia looks timidly at the faces of the Serenaders, going to Proteus last—on recognizing him, she retires sorrowful,* L.

QUINTETTO.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:—

Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Host. How now? Are you sadder than you were before? How do you do, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake—the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so: but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.—

[*Symphony of Second Part commences.*

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have *one* play but one thing.

SECOND PART.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Jul. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

[*During this Pro. and Thur. have given money to the Musicians, who now exeunt,* L.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we? [*Crosses to* R.

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exit*

SILVIA *appears above at a window,* R.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

[*The Host sits down,* L., *and falls asleep.* *Julia listens* 1 E. L., *on hearing Silvia's voice.*

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Jul. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducéd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit:
And, by and by, intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady—
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet, Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness
I am betrothed; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep,
And to your shadow I will make true love.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.
And so, good rest. [*Exit Silvia,* R.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn. [*Exit,* L.

Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep. [*Rises.*
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt*, L.

Enter EGLAMOUR, L. U. E.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
Madam! madam!

SILVIA *appears above at the window*, R.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow!
Egl. I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. Oh, Eglamour,
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorred.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love died,
Upon whose grave thou vowd'st pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.—
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship!
Good morrow, gentle lady. [*Exit*, L.
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exit*, R.

Scene II.—*The same as Scene I., Act II.*

Enter Launce *with his dog and staff, through arch*, R.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say, precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. Oh, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure, as I live, he had suffered for't. You shall judge: he thrusts himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table; he had not been there a while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one;—*What cur is that?* says another;—*Whip him out*, says the third;—*Hang him up*, says the duke. I knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs. Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog?—Ay, marry, do I, quoth he.—You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for it: thou think'st not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did I not bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*, R. F.

Pro. (R.) Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
[*Julia retires a little*, R.
How now, you idle knave?
Where have you been these two days, loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place, and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
[*Drives dog with Launce round the Stage and off*, R. F.
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

Laun. Crab. [*Exit with his dog*, R. F.

Pro. A slave that, still an end, turns me to shame!
[*Julia advances*, L.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout:
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
[*Gives her a ring.*
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.—
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. (L.) It seems you loved her not, to leave her token: She's dead, belike.

Pro. (R.) Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas! I cannot choose but pity her

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well

As you do love your Lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that hath forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
[*Gives letter.*
This letter: that's her chamber: tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Thy message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit,* R.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger),
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refused—
To praise his face, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirméd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master;
Unless I prove false traitor to myself:
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.
[*Crosses,* L.

Enter Silvia, *attended by* Ursula *and three ladies from door,* L. *The Ladies remain on staircase—Ursula at the top, near the door.*

(R.) Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. Oh!—he sends for a picture?

[*Signs to Ursula, who goes off, and returns immediately with picture. All the Ladies descend, and Ursula gives picture to Silvia.*

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture, then.
Go, give your master this. [*Gives her the picture.*

Tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you, peruse this letter.
[*Takes a letter from her bosom and gives it.*
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not. [*Retaking it.*
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives Proteus' letter.*
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines.
I know they are stuffed with protestations, [*Tears letter*
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.—
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But, since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily tincture of her face;
That now she is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as a fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height:
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas! poor lady! desolate and left! [*Crosses*, R.
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth,—there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Ladies*, R.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
Here is her picture:—Let me see:—I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?—
Oh, thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove, I vow, [*Goes up*, R.
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*, R. F.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*Same as preceding.*

Enter Thurio, L., Proteus, *and* Julia *still disguised,* R.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. (R.) Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was:
And yet, she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long!

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. (L.) I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, may be, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True, from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, *hastily,* R.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant, Valentine,

And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she;
But, being masked, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, [*Goes up*, R.
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit*, R.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune, when it follows her!—
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit*, R.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit*, R.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest. A cave and bank. A clashing of swords heard—then voices.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* 1*st*, 2*d*, *and* 3*d Outlaws.*

2*d Out.* Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. (R.) A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2*d Out.* Come, bring her away.

1*st Out.* (L.) Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3*d Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood: [*Crosses*, R.
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1*st Out.* [*Crosses*, R.] Come, I must bring you to our captain's care;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. Oh, Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.* VALENTINE *discovered, seated on a bank—his hat, weapons, &c., by his side.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
Oh, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
[*A great noise of whistling and shouting without,* L.
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
[*Takes up his hat, &c.*
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:—
They love me well, yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside into cave.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA, R.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth),
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your life and honour from you.

Re-enter VALENTINE.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I am sure you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. (R.) Oh, miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. (L.) Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy

Jul. (*Aside*, L. C.) And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized on by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O Heaven, be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much,—for more there cannot be,—
I do detest false, perjured Proteus;
Therefore, begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse of love, and still approved,
When women cannot love, where they're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved:
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

[*Seizes her, but when Val. speaks, he goes* R., *draws his sword, and rushes forward to strike, when, recognizing his friend, he staggers back,* R., *and drops his sword.*

Sil. Oh, heaven!

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love:
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest. Oh, time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence, [*Kneels to Val.*
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid; [*Raises and embraces Pro.*
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
[*Takes the hands of Silvia and Proteus, and puts Proteus across to Silvia,* L. *As Julia faints, Valentine catches her.*
Jul. (R.) Oh, me, unhappy!
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; speak.
Jul. Oh, good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. [*Gives ring to Val. who hands it to Pro.*] Here 'tis; this is it.
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
[*Sil. and Val. go up a little.*
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true! O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
Val. Come, come, a hand from either: [*Joins their hands.*
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever!
Jul. And I have mine. [*All go up.*

Enter all the Outlaws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio, L.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!
Val. [*Advances hastily to release the Duke.*] Forbear, I say! it is my lord the Duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced—
The banished Valentine.
Duke. (L. C.) Sir Valentine!
Thu. (L.) Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.
Val. (C.) Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death!
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,—
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived—
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your grace: the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recallèd from their exile;
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevailed: I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord? [*Takes Jul.'s hand.*
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
[*Pro. in dumb show entreats Val. to silence.*
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along.
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.
Come, Proteus: 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discoverèd;
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours—
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

OUTLAWS.

JUL. PRO. SILV. VAL. DUKE. THU.

R. [L.

THE END.

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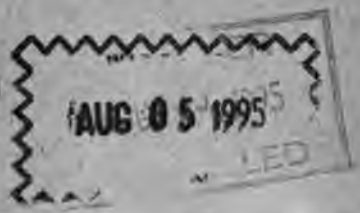
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